

Arrows

by TrueLoveIsReal

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Summary: Juliet remembers every arrow she's ever shot, especially this one. Hijack, jaccup, slash. Goes with Tumblr.

Arrows

\*\*Okay, so I am a huge Hijack shipper. Huge. But I do have some problems with it. The times don't match up. I'm been into history for as long as I can remember, and as soon as I heard of this ship I said to myself, "The Vikings were done with way longer than 300 years ago. 300 years is the time of the pioneers!" So, for half an hour one morning, I did my research. Actually. I made a lot of changes for this ship to work in my head. Things have to fall into place with history and science in my head. Anywhoo, in this, Jack was born in Anglo-Saxon England, during the early 9th century. This is due to the fact that pioneers were normally English, and the Vikings 'started' in the late 8th century. Hiccup was born during the 10th century, mid-way through. So that's when this story takes place. I even did research for my OC, Juliet. She'd Cupid, there for Roman, even though I like the Greek, Eros, more. It works. Romeo and Juliet was based on an Italian poem, I do believe. Rome ruled Italy. I checked my facts. Sprock, I even have when she was sprocking born! In 20 B.C.E, because the Roman Empire, not Rome, was started in 27 B.C.E. Rome itself went through a period of being a monarchy, and a republican. Juliet isn't even the real Cupid. He, her father, was killed by Pitch Black, because he was best friends with Pitch's daughter, and Pitch got jelly. That, however, is saved for another story, another day.  
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\*\*I've gotten my geek rant out. Thank you for listening (if you even read it)\*\*

\*\*I Do Not Own How To Train You Dragon, Or Rise Of The Guardians. However, Juliet And Her Story Are Mine. \*\*

**\*\*Arrows\*\***

It was winter in the Northern Hemisphere, but Juliet didn't even shiver. She had a job at hand. No way was a little cold (that she couldn't really feel) going to get in her way.

"Steady," She said. Anyone of us would have no idea what she was saying. She spoke in Latin, with a voice full of wisdom. She sounded more like an Elder than an eighteen-year-old. "Aim." She pulled back her arm, that was holding a bow, with two arrows loaded in it. Her eyes were focused on their target. Two small children, a girl with blonde, blonde hair, and a boy, who's hair was as dark as the night, were in her sights. "Fire." And she released.

However, she did not reach her target, due to the fact that she was run into by a small, half human half dove fairy. The arrows hit a nearby tree, unnoticed by the two children. They continued skating on the frozen river, acting as if nothing had ever happened.

"Grace!" Juliet yelled at the small fairy. She was her favourite of all the Anglets, but she had horrible timing. "That could have been disastrous! You know I have to hit the heart!"

"I am sorry!" Her voice sounded like bells chiming as opposed to running water like the other Anglets. Her feathers were also tinted red. The others' were tinted pink. "But Your Majesty, I felt a bond like no other when I was flying past the Western Islands of Scotland. I had to come and tell you right away."

"What do you mean, 'like no other'?" Juliet asked, loading her bow with two new arrows. "And call me Juliet. I hate 'Your Majesty'. You've only been my right-hand-fairy for ten centuries."

"Yes, Your Ma- I mean, Juliet. It was strong, and felt, strange. I do not know how to describe it." She stopped for a moment, doing math in her head. "It has been ten centuries and twenty years."

Juliet shot her arrows at the children. They hit, causing the children to stop, look at each other in aw, then stand in silence. She smiled. Her work was done here. When the children aged, they would fall in love.

"Perfectionist..." she mumbled, but then spoke up, "Alright Grace. Show where you felt this bond." Juliet flew up from her spot on the tree branch. It was hard to weave through the trees of the forest, but in no time, both Juliet and Grace were hovering above it.

"It was this way." Grace sad before flying away. Anyone else would have lost trace of the small fairy. Juliet though, could feel her, the love inside of her heart that she felt for her job. Grace loved scouting people for Juliet to shoot.

Soon enough, Juliet could see the blue of the North Atlantic Ocean, and the jems of the islands settled amount it. She loved this part of the world. It was so beautiful.

What made it even better was the feeling of promising love. It hung in the air, and was the sweetest kind of intoxication. It was different than anything she had ever felt before though. This must have been what Grace was talking about.

"Can you feel it, Juliet?"

"Yes, it is coming from Berk." Juliet swooped down, Grace struggling to keep up.

"How do you know?"

"It has an aura right now. I can s\_ee\_ the love that is waiting to be."

"Why can I not see it?"

"I do not know." They came down into the forest. It was snowing, as Juliet knew it would be. Berk was either snowing, or hailing. All year. She had spent enough time there to know that. Still, the cold did not effect her. It was a perk of being immortal. Juliet landed in a tree, and Grave hovered above her right hand shoulder.

The feeling was as potent as ever, and almost \_hurt\_ it was so strong. A boy traveled from the West, with short, auburn hair and shinning green eyes. He wore brown pants, a green tunic, and a fur vest. One of his feet were covered in a moccasin like boot, the other was a metal nub, far too complex for Juliet to try and understand. He was half of the feeling.

"I wonder who the other half shall be." Grace said. She got so excited before a shoot. The other Anglets didn't care like Grace did.

Above them, they heard a, "Woohoo!". A boy, with white hair and ice blue eyes flew over. His pants were brown, which seemed to be common, and were cut off half-way down the calves. They were tied tight to his legs by strings made of animal sinew. His tunic was blue, with long sleeves that opened wide at the ends, and a V-neck. He had a small vest, and a cloak. Both were brown. He wore no shoes, and carried a strange staff in his hand. He was the other half, he was also...

"\_Jack Frost\_." Both girls said in aw. He had only been around for about a century, but still, he was known amongst the Mystics. They were either annoyed by him, like Mother Nature, or, like Toothina and The Sandman, believed he had potential. He just needed a little help. Juliet fell under neither category. She had a feeling that he was a deeper person than what the others said. She could feel his ability to love. Something she had been waiting for since he was created was to shoot for him.

"But Juliet, they are both boys. I thought that was not allowed."

"Those are the rules of old. I create the new rules. They have a bond. Gender does not matter."

"He is a Mystic. Do your arrows work on Mystics?"

"They worked on Mother Nature and Father Time, did they not?"

"True enough." Grace quieted down, and let Juliet do what she did best.

Instead of just grabbing two random arrows, like she usually did, Juliet actually looked through her arrows, trying to find the \_right\_ ones. "Grace, do you think it's time we use the extra-strength ones?"

"Those? But they haven't been used since Cleopatra and Mark Antony!"

"I know. They need to be used again."

"But then we'll have to make new ones. That takes fifty years!"

"I know. And we \_will\_ \_have\_ to make new ones. I have a feeling we'll be using them again, on someone very much like me." She loaded the first arrow into her bow. Normally, she could just shoot them at the same time. This, however, was special.

She'd have to shoot Jack down first. When he landed in the snow, she would shoot the other boy.

"What if he cannot see Jack!"

"My arrows will make him see."

"Alright. I was making sure." Juliet smiled at her friend's worries. It was small things like that which made Juliet forget that she had no parents.

"Get ready," She pulled her arm back. "Get set." She aimed at the air. In two seconds, Jack would fly right past. She had to get it perfect for this to work. If it hit anything \_but\_ \_his\_ heart, they'd be wasting an arrow, and they definitely did not want to waist these arrows. "Shoot."

The arrow flew through the air, hitting it's target in the heart. He fell from the sky, which Juliet knew he would. There was always a small shock after getting hit by an arrow.

By the time Jack hit the ground in front of the boy, Juliet had the other arrow loaded and let go.

"Are you okay!" The boy had seen Jack fall even before Juliet shot her arrow, which surprised her. When the arrow \_did\_ hit him, the boy fell down, face first into the snow.

"That hurt..." Jack moaned. He sat up, still looking at the ground. Juliet's smile grew as he looked up to see the boy, and the way his entire face changed. He was in shock and awe, absolutely taken by the boy. "Wow," He breathed.

"Sorry." The other boy looked up too. His expression mirrored Jack's. It was love at first sight. "I-I'm kinda cl-clumsy."

"Yeah..." Jack got up, then helped up the other boy. Their hands remained together longer than they normally would have, had they not just fallen in love. "Wh-what's your name?"

"It's Hiccup." He blushed, and lowered his head. "I know it's really stupid but-"

"No, no," Jack's smile could have lit up the world. "I love it."

That was all Juliet needed to see, though she would have loved to stay and watch more. They were safe, in love, and there were no mistakes.

"Do you feel that, Juliet?" Grace asked as they flew off. The laughter of the two boys rang through the air, and Juliet was sure she heard them say something about a flying Roman girl.

"Feel what, Grace?"

"Pitch Black will be a part of their future."

Juliet thought for a moment. "Yes, I can feel the fowl beast's presence in tomorrow's world. Why?"

"I feel us too, Juliet. I feel us fighting along the Frost, to save the other boy."

With a smile, Juliet turned to her friend. "Yes, I feel it too Grace."

**\*\*Whatdya think? I wrote it to go with what's going on on Tumblr, with \*\*\*\*ask-hiccup-and-jack\*\*\*\*. Hiccup got kidnapped by Pitch, and I wanted to write about when Juliet first shot her arrows. \*\***

**\*\*I didn't mention North and Bunnymund because their myths only date back to like, the 1800s and the 1600s. That's not far enough back. Yeah, I know. I'm that much of a geek.\*\***

**\*\*TrueLoveIsReal\*\***

End  
file.